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WHAT INJURES ITALY.

The St. Gothard Tunnel has been so successful in its results, that it indicates the probable advantage which would attend other similar undertakings, in that land of mountains and valleys. And it is now proposed to construct a grand canal across Italy, from the Tiber to the Adriatic, passing near or through the classic lakes of Thrasymene and the Volsinian Mere, and so dispensing with the necessity for the long conveyance of merchandise around the southern extremity of the Peninsula. The money wasted on a few ironclads would have sufficed for this work of vast practical importance. The cost, too, of a few idle regiments of soldiery would go far towards placing some of the Italian cities in that state of sanitary safety which is so needful for their own inhabitants and for their foreign visitors. The recent refusal of Queen Victoria to visit Florence, on account of its bad drainage, may afford a serviceable hint to the authorities, not only of that city, but of various other towns of Italy. But if the people are plundered to their very last farthing, for military and naval follies, how can they raise funds to ward off disease and malaria from their homes?

It is an encouraging sign that a party favorable to Peace and economy is gradually growing up in Italy. It already includes such earnest and intelligent leaders as MM. Moneta, Pierantoni, Chimirri, Bonghi, Villari, Siccardi, Mazzoleni, Arnaudon and others. Their influence has doubtless formed an appreciable factor in producing the present manifestation of popular dissatisfaction with the extravagant militarism of their Government. And it is to be hoped that they will be increasingly able to enlist the co-operation of their countrymen, generally, in this direction.—*Herald of Peace.*

THE ANNUAL WAR SCARE.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS IN NEW YORK *Truth.*

Is there any necessity for spending millions every year for naval defence, or any justification for the hysterical appeals to popular apprehension and alarm? Our policy is pacific. We have no colonies nor dependencies, nor entangling alliances. Wars break out unexpectedly it is true, sometimes, but from what quarter can danger be rationally anticipated? Our relations with France are those of traditional amity; with Germany of kinship and consanguinity; with Russia of fraternity. The rest are trivial. Our only enemy is England, and she is under bonds to keep the peace. No other nation is so vulnerable.

In our civil war she did all she could, short of open hostility, to destroy the Union, and then apologized and paid damages. Lately we have had another contention about seal poaching and the Behring Sea. Oceans of ink have been shed in diplomatic correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Secretary Blaine. Great Britain fortified Vancouver, and sent ships of war into the disputed waters, walking around, metaphorically speaking, begging us to knock the chip from her shoulder, or to tread on the tails of her coat. Legally she had an open case at least; in some respects the best of the argument. A *casus belli* could easily have been found, if wanted, and we were assured that the danger was imminent. The

boldest held his breath for a while, immense appropriations were promptly voted for fortifications and the navy, and then, while the national hair was standing on end, England suddenly came into our supreme court as a suitor, and submitted the whole controversy to the decision of that great tribunal. The newspapers that described the dramatic utterances of senators about the dangers of war with Great Britain, contained, in another column of the same issue, an account of the proceedings in the *old* senate chamber, in which Lord Salisbury submitted the claims of England to adjudication, as a question of international law. It was reassuring, but it was laughable nevertheless.

THE HUSBANDRY OF THE PLOUGH, AND THE HUSBANDRY OF THE SWORD.

ELIHU BURRITT.

England is the admiration of the world for the high perfection to which it has carried the science of agriculture. To the American traveller, England seems a prize garden, tilled to show the world what beauty and wealth labor may produce from a given area of the earth's surface. Every one of its fields, in seed time or harvest, looks within its green hedges, like a framed picture, upon which scores of human hands have wrought with artistic skill, from the earliest song of the lark to the last ray of the setting sun. All its green and graceful trees, whether grouped in groves or forests, or ranged like veteran life-guards around a thousand parks,—wherever they stand, whether in the farmer's hedge, or in the choicest preserve of royalty, they are all the nurslings or monuments of labor. All through the year, even in the middle of winter, labor is abroad with its plough, spade, hedge-bill, or shears, fertilizing, beautifying, cutting or trimming. Go where you may, you will see the fields, hedges, gardens, parks and lawns of England teeming with men, women and children toiling to make their country a living picture of wealth and beauty. And what do they receive for making it such a picture? What is the sum total paid for all the toil and skill which make England the wonder of the world for the production of its soil and the rich finish of its landscapes? Why, it is said that there are 700,000 laborers employed to do all this work; and that their weekly wages average ten shillings per head. Then all the agricultural labor bestowed upon England, to make it what it was at the last harvest, cost \$91,000,000. Now, then, let all who looked with delight upon the country in the time of the golden corn remember; let every one of those 700,000 laborers, and all the farmers who paid them, remember that England that very year appropriated \$92,500,000 to the mere husbandry of war,—for mere preparations for blasting, consuming, impoverishing war! that she paid more for training men and instruments to reap down men on the battlefield, than it would cost to till just such another England to all the perfection of agriculture which their country could show during the last twelve months! English farmers! is not this a startling thought for you? Think of it, when you plough, and sow, and reap, and on the way to market! think that your country pays more for hired men to kill their brethren of another country than you pay for growing corn and producing food for ten millions of human beings.